



Britannia's Downfall.

GOOD people attend a while to my story,
My song it is new and to you is not strange,
Old England was known to be once in its glory,
When great George the second did nobly reign,
But when his breath ceas'd, our troubles increas'd,
And much sorrow and grief on this land did appear,
We thought it was hard, and paid small regard,
Because that one halfpenny they laid on strong beer.

The next loss we met was the loss of old Chatham,
Who his breath did sell, afterwards in a few years,
They this nation began then to grind down to atoms.

The North winds blew so hard, put Britannia in fear,

Dear sister Freedom, said she, I pray pity me,
And let not my trading go over the sea,
For great is my fear, our ruin is near,
Thro' those rogues at the helm who pretend me to steer.

The Scotch did rebel in the year forty-five,
But Duke William them quell'd with his powder
and ball.

Kilmarnock, Lord Lovat, and Lord Belmarino,
Their heads upon Tower-Hill for it did fall;
Such times row I fear draw upon us fall near,
Was the Temple but grac'd, how this nation would shine.

Our troubles would cease, our trade would increase,
This garden would flourish with fruit old and new
fine.

Much caution old Chatham unto us did give,
Of American war he bid us beware,
And desir'd us in love and unity to live,
Or much destruction upon our land would appear;
It happened so, and North our foe,
An army oblig'd, and forc'd them to go,
Against their own will their brothers to kill,
Which has proved our ruin and fatal overthrow.

Here is ——— young son whom he has left behind,
To moral his actions and establish his fame,
Not a much bigger rogue sure they ever could find
The nation to rule, or with them play a game;
The game that he play'd he has deuce and ten,
Himself was the knave, the whole land to deceive,
Rogues to oppress, and this land to redress,
Let us hope that some axe may be ground sharp and
keen.